**The Tale of Prince William Graham and the Insufferable Dragon Hannibal Lecter**

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/8921296.

| | |
|---|---|
| Rating: | Mature |
| Archive Warning: | Graphic Depictions Of Violence |
| Category: | M/M |
| Fandom: | Hannibal (TV) |
| Relationships: | Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Alana Bloom/Hannibal Lecter (one sided), Alana Bloom/Margot Verger (brief), Alana Bloom/Will Graham (one sided) |
| Characters: | Alana Bloom, Mason Verger, Jack Crawford, Dr. Frederick Chilton, Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham |
| Additional Tags: | Bossy knight Jack Crawford, Prince Will, Princess Alana, Steed Chilton, Dragon Hannibal Lecter, Shapeshifter Hannibal, Alternate Universe - Fairy Tale, Hannibal is Hannibal, King Mason, Jealousy, Period-Typical Homophobia, almost major character death |
| Language: | English |
| Stats: | Published: 2016-12-20 Completed: 2017-04-19 Words: 15,350 Chapters: 16/16 |

# The Tale of Prince William Graham and the Insufferable Dragon Hannibal Lecter

by Ghostwriter98

Summary

All Prince William Graham of Baltimore desires is to rescue Princess Alana Bloom from a remote castle and win her heart. Nobody said anything about being entertainment for a polite yet murderous dragon. Starring Jack Crawford as a bossy knight, Chilton as the cowardly steed, Alana Bloom as a rather indecisive princess and Hannibal Lecter as the insufferable dragon.

Notes

I like fairy tales and I like the Hannibal T.V. series. That is the only way I can explain what I have created. Oh, that and Shrek.

# Once Upon a Time

Once upon a time, in the far, far away kingdom of Baltimore, there lived an empathetic prince named William Graham who was in desperate need of a princess. Sadly, the only princess who had captivated his interest was the beautiful and fair Princess Alana Bloom. He was not the only one who was enraptured by the presence of such a spirited and desirable young woman. King and Queen Bloom, who had been overwhelmed by the sheer number of marriage proposals they had received for their daughter from respectful suitors, locked her up in a castle with a fierce fire breathing dragon to protect her. They reasoned that only a man who cared for her enough to risk their life and had the skills and abilities to free her from such a beast were worthy of their daughter's hand in marriage.

Prince William was fastly approaching his twenty first birthday. Time was running out before he would be forced into matrimony with or without his consent. The prince would rather die on a quest than marry the other potential brides his family had lined up for him. One such bride even being the horrendous Princess Bedelia Du Maurier who was said to thoroughly enjoy mentally tormenting people with their deepest desires and darkest fears. She always looked at the prince as though he were an injured little bird she had the desire to crush. It was also rumored that she dabbled in sorcery.

Prince William was torn for he knew deep down that his parents would never condone such a risky adventure to rescue Princess Alana Bloom. So, in the dead of the night, a week before his twenty first birthday, Prince William gathered his trusty steed Chilton and his most loyal knight Sir Jack Crawford. Together, they ventured off to find and rescue the princess. Chilton, Crawford and William crossed wide rivers, vast open fields and forests so densely packed with trees that movement was a difficult feat. Nights of sleeping by fires on the cold hard ground had left Prince William sleep deprived and tired. By the time they reached the dreaded castle where the princess was kept, he could barely keep his eyes open. He dismantled his horse and landed with a crunch on what he assumed were leaves below his feet.

"Prince William, we should stop for a moment and formulate a plan of attack." Sir Jack spoke in a tone too firm to be suggestive. Prince William narrowed his eyes in a glare but otherwise allowed himself to be ordered about by the man of lower social ranking. He was used to this by now.

"What do you suggest, Sir Jack Crawford?" William asked tiredly. He was beginning to regret this irrational plan of his.

"It is said that the dragon that guards the princess is immortal and bloodthirsty. I think rather than attempt to slay the creature as so many have evidently tried and failed to do before us. We attempt to sneak past it and avoid detection," the knight responded rationally, gesturing to the human bones scattered before them.

Prince William glanced down and jumped when he realized that what he had originally thought was the crunch of leaves beneath his feet were actually the crackling of the remains

of those who had died. He suddenly felt light headed and dizzy. *Was he really going to do this? Risk his life for a woman who might not even remember him?* Regardless of his sudden fear, he found himself nodding in assent to the knight's plan. Beside him, Chilton let out a distressed noise and shook his head in disapproval at the very thought of entering the foreboding castle.

"There there, Chilton." William attempted to calm his horse with a few pats to his head, but he only seemed to become more panicked. When he attempted to mount his horse again, Chilton kicked up a fuss and made it impossible. Prince William cursed him.

"Stop being such a bloody coward!" he hissed into the animal's ear but he remained inconsolable. After ten minutes of fighting with his steed, he gave up and lead the unwilling horse to a nearby tree and tied him there.

"I hope you are happy," he grumbled and the rather smug look on Chilton's face told the prince that he was very much so. This was why he preferred the palace dogs. They were considerably more reliable and courageous than the palace horses.

Together, Sir Jack Crawford and Prince William huddled together and discussed the rest of their plan. Chilton turned a blind eye rather content to munch on the apple he had stolen from William's bag when the prince wasn't looking.

All three of them were unaware of a pair of burning maroon eyes curiously observing the team from afar, the unreadable face lingering a few moments longer than necessary on the prince.

# Checkmate

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Jack!" Prince William hissed, abandoning formality as he hid in the dark shadows present in the halls of the castle. He and the knight had decided to split up in order to find the princess faster. Now the prince was seriously regretting his decision. His skin prickled uneasily and he had the distinct feeling that he was being watched by the intimidating portraits of deceased relatives on the walls. His mind flashed back to the royal family doctor who had declared him insane and he shuddered.

Every stone corridor and room looked the same. He had been scuttling blindly in the dark for what felt like days but was more likely hours. The prince didn't feel like he and the knight had the upper hand as they'd originally planned but rather that they were mere players in a game that was being observed by another force entirely. He heard a scratching sound on the floor below and instantly froze. The thudding of something large and heavy echoed nearby and Prince William pressed himself further into the wall behind his back. He desperately wished he could melt into the stone. A strange noise assaulted his ears. It sounded almost as if something was...*sniffing?* His heart beat louder in his chest as there was a brief pause in the movement of the creature. Then it continued and Prince William let out a sigh of relief.

The relief was short lived though. A loud agonized scream echoed around him. William instantly recognized the sound as something distinctly not human. *Chilton*. Without a thought for the repercussions, Prince William bolted towards the pained yelp. He knew most princes would leave their steed to die, thinking an animal was not worth the risk of their own safety. Hell, many princes left their men to die in battle but Prince William was no ordinary prince. He sprinted down the corridor with abandon and slammed into walls in his hurry to reach his horse. He was halted in his efforts when an arm wrapped around his waist and pulled him backwards.

"What the devil do you think you are doing, Prince William?" Sir Jack growled lowly with a firm grip on the prince's armor clad shoulders. "Leave the horse be for he is just a measly animal. We must save Princess Alana Bloom's life from this monster!"

"We cannot sit by and let Chilton be tortured!" Prince William argued hotly as he struggled hard against the unmovable hold of his knight. He let out a gasp of pain as those fingers dug painfully into the only vulnerable place available. This being a bit of exposed skin between his helmet and chest plate.

"We have human lives to save, William," the knight said coldly before enunciating clearly. "Let. The. Horse. Go."

Another agonized neigh shocked the prince into action. The surprise of being restrained by one of his own trusted companions wore off as he slammed his head forward in a headbutt. Both men's helmets rang loudly with the collision. However, Prince William was prepared for the painful ringing and used this advantage to dislodge himself from the knight's grip. Once

free, he took off in the direction of the tortured screams. He glanced back, only to see the solemn expression of Sir Jack Crawford through his open helmet. The knight then turned his back on Prince William once and for all.

William reached the main entrance and shoved the heavy doors open with all his might. He blinked, his eyes slowly becoming accustomed to the bright daylight after spending so long in the dark halls of the castle. William's mouth dropped open in horror. Chilton's hair was ablaze. The horse was writhing in agony but was unable to escape to find water because he was still tied to the tree. The prince rushed over and reached to unsheathe his sword but froze. His heart clenched painfully in his chest when he caught sight of the horse’s lips. They were raw and bloody from Chilton’s attempts to bite himself free from the tree. The prince shook his head in pity and swiftly cut the rope, dragging the whining horse to the nearest river he could find. William's eyes filled with tears as he listened to Chilton's cries with each painful movement.

William reached the river and immediately splashed Chilton with water. He then helped the horse kneel down to better submerge him. The horse closed his eyes in bliss as the water extinguished the flames before opening them again to pin the prince with a hateful glare. Prince William couldn’t help but feel offended at the ungratefulness of the action. After all, he'd risked his own life for the creature and ruined all his progress in finding the princess. It also made the prince wonder where the dragon had gone. William had been sure the devious creature would have been waiting for him to return for his horse, a rather good trap, before ending his life. Instead, he had only found Chilton on fire and alone.

He heard another scream of anguish. This time it was a human wail. William rushed to his feet before closing his eyes in realization. The dragon was toying with him and hurting those who he held dear in a cruel game before slaughtering him. This was torture and far worse than any of the terrifying stories others had told him of the dragon. This showed calculation and intelligence as well as a thirst for blood and pain.

Prince William was in a tough position. A checkmate of sorts, if you will. The dragon had won the battle for Princess Alana and it was up to William to decide what he was going to do next. Did he abandon Sir Jack and flee or allow himself to reenter the castle knowing he will likely be slain? His decision was promptly made when another scream for mercy sounded. The prince rushed after the knight who had forsaken him. It seemed like a rather idiotic decision but Prince William was a man who could not live with a guilty conscience. He just knew he had to at least try to save Sir Jack's life.

Chapter End Notes

Dragon Hannibal appears properly next chapter.

# Meeting the Monster

Chapter Notes

> The words or phrases in italics are either inner thoughts of the characters or words that are emphasized in speech.

He found his knight stripped of his armor and impaled with his own sword. He was also suffering from multiple stab wounds that oozed blood. Somehow, the sword had missed every vital organ in his body, forcing the knight to slowly bleed out in a rather prolonged excruciating death.

“William, you fool!” Sir Jack Crawford spluttered in disbelief at the appearance of the prince. “Go before he catches you!”

“I am afraid your warning, while touching, is already much too belated, Sir Jack Crawford.” A heavily accented voice spoke from above.

William’s head snapped upward.

The ceiling was high, higher than any room he had ever been in. It was there, perched on the wooden beams in the roof, that the dragon rested. The dragon itself was a rather intimidating creature. He was long and lithe with black scales that encompassed every inch of his body. Running down his back were also sharp spikes that shone and glittered like polished onyx. His eyes were a deep maroon that appeared to glow red in the flickering candles that adorned the room. The irises were further accentuated by the creature’s high cheekbones and thin lips which were currently bared, showing row after row of sharp teeth. The prince felt faint at the very sight of the dragon but a part of him had to grudgingly admit that he was rather exquisite in his beauty.

Jack let out a gurgling cough, blood spurting out of the corner of his mouth. William’s attention immediately snapped back to his dying knight (and friend) and he fell forward to grasp the man’s hand. The dragon tsked, rather offended that his presence was being ignored. The prince paid this no mind.

“You were a wonderful knight,” Prince William spoke reverently, putting his own fear for his life aside for his dying brethren. “I could not have asked for a better companion for this journey.”

Sir Jack Crawford’s eyes shone with pride before fading entirely. His grip slackened in the prince’s hand. William let out a loud moan and gripped his helmet with his blood stained hands, creating a mosaic of red on the silver metal.

The dragon thought the sight was rather bewitching.

“Why are you doing this to me?!” the prince screamed with torment.

“I was curious what would happen.” The dragon’s reply left the prince dumbfounded.

*“Curious?*” he spluttered, his face growing red with rage. “You set fire to my horse and stabbed my knight because you were *curious*!”

His words echoed loudly and William was startled to realize that he was yelling again.

“Lower your voice, William,” the dragon reprimanded gently. “It is rude to yell at a stranger and I absolutely abhor rudeness.”

“Sorry,” the prince replied automatically and was immediately filled with self-loathing. After all, how could he apologize to a creature who had taken so much so cruelly from him for no reason other than for his own personal enjoyment?

"That is quite alright, William," the dragon replied which only served to further enrage the prince.

“Now you listen here, you demented, vile -” William trailed off at the unfurling of large webbed wings. The dragon rose to its full and intimidating height before ascending in a majestic sweep to the prince’s level. William’s mouth went dry as he faced what could only be described as death in its dark maroon eyes.

“Please do continue,” the dragon prompted, looking down at the prince.

“I – er – never mind,” Prince William mumbled. He internally cursed his cowardliness.

“It would be wise to put that away. It would displease me greatly to have to forcibly remove it,” the dragon advised, eyes drifting towards the sword that the prince hadn’t even realized he had unsheathed. It was held tightly in his white knuckled grip.

William juggled his options in his mind. He knew for certain that he could not defeat this dragon alone. He simply wasn’t good enough. Besides, if the legends were true and the scales were almost impenetrable, then his sword would do no damage to the beast. *It would be better to keep the monster happy.* He slowly lowered his weapon and tucked it back into its sheathe.

“Now, I was rather hoping you would allow be to conduct an inquiry of sorts?” the dragon politely asked although his tone was firm enough for the prince to realize that there was only one answer.

William was afraid that if he spoke his voice would quiver so he nodded his head instead.

“Very good. Why did you return to your horse after he refused to stand by you on your journey to recover Princess Alana Bloom? Surely he did not deserve such treatment.” The dragon’s voice was filled with curiosity. William felt nauseous at the realization that every move he had made, even before his entry into the castle, had been carefully observed by this

dragon who was always one step ahead of him. Otherwise, how else would he have known of Chilton's reluctance to enter the castle?

"He is my steed." Was the prince's simple reply. "I could not listen to him suffer without feeling guilty."

"And your knight, Sir Jack Crawford, who restrained you against your will and abandoned you to enter what most would consider a trap by yourself. Why risk your life for a man who had already decided yours was not worth the risk of his?" the dragon continued his interrogation. William had a feeling that these answers would be the difference between life and death for him. As such, honesty was key.

"He was my knight. I could not leave without him when there was a chance that he could still be alive." The prince lowered his eyes. "It would be dishonorable."

"No one would know of your actions." The dragon countered with his head inclined towards William with interest. "You could spin a heroic tale and paint yourself as the sole survivor."

"But I would know. I would not be able to escape the past, especially at night." The *in my dreams* was unspoken. However, the ever observant dragon immediately picked up on it.

"Do you often suffer from nightmares, William?" the dragon asked with thinly concealed fascination. "I cannot imagine why. Living the sheltered life of a prince such as yourself."

"That is rather personal," the prince retorted stiffly.

"I apologize if I have offended you in some way." The dragon said and William couldn't help but feel strange in the presence of this ruthless yet surprisingly polite creature. "I find you rather intriguing and greatly desire to study you further."

"Study me?"

"Yes, study you," the dragon patiently replied before adding as an afterthought, "alive."

William felt overwhelmed suddenly by the hope that he would live through this nightmare.

"But I warn you." The dragon spoke ominously. His voice suddenly eerie and venomous. "If you try to escape then I will hunt you down and devour you for morning tea. Or perhaps dinner. No matter, I am sure you will taste divine at all hours of the day."

The prince swallowed thickly before nodding.

"Words please, William."

"I-I understand…" the prince trailed off, unsure how to address the creature and not wanting to offend it when his life remained in the balance.

"Oh, how discourteous of me. I have neglected to formally introduce myself." The dragon appeared quite embarrassed. "My name is Hannibal Lecter. Please try to refrain from

addressing me as my species. You would not be pleased if I started calling you "*the human",* would you?"

"No," William admitted.

"Lovely. I am glad we came to an agreement," Hannibal replied and although his face remained stoic, the prince could see the smile in his eyes.

*At least one of us is happy*, William thought.

# The Dragon's Treasure

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Prince William Graham was now as much of a prisoner as Princess Alana Bloom.

*Except,* the prince thought bitterly, *nobody was coming to save him from the dragon*.

The beast, Hannibal Lecter as he preferred to be called, was currently curled around him on a mound of treasure he had collected. William, though allowed to explore the castle during the day and well aware of the number of unused bedrooms in the castle, was forced to sleep on the hard mound of treasure the dragon kept with only a thin mattress separating him from the strong metallic smell of the gold. When questioning the dragon of his current sleeping arrangements, his only response was that: "Trust is something that must be earned, William." As though the threat of being eaten alive was not enough to keep the prince from attempting to escape at night. Honestly, he wasn't stupid. The dragon was plain ridiculous.

“Why do you keep all this gold and treasure?” William curiously inquired one day. After all, what use could a dragon have for riches?

“I enjoy collecting beautiful things, dear William.” Was Hannibal’s simple reply as he looked pointedly at the prince.

“You honestly do not mean to include me?”

“You do not see the beauty you behold.”

William laughed loudly at that but stopped. The dragon appeared to be alarmingly serious in this statement.

“There is nothing beautiful in the broken.”

“Are you referring to your nightmares?”

“Maybe.” The prince broke eye contact and fidgeted.

“What do you dream about at night that causes you such terror?” Hannibal's question had the prince’s mind reeling. *Blood. Death. Destruction.*

The villagers had said that there was something wrong with him, that he was *sick* in the head. After a while the prince had started to believe them.

“Taking the throne.” William lied.

The dragon tsked disapprovingly. The prince flinched at the sound.

“I can tell when you lie, William, so I would advise that you always tell me the truth,” Hannibal said calmly, though the underlying warning was apparent. “I very much detest liars.”

“I would rather not," William replied snidely as he turned his back on the creature. Only afterwards did he realize that it was probably not the best idea to turn his back on a fire-breathing human-eating dragon.

“Foolish boy!” Hannibal hissed lowly and his warm breath on the prince’s neck had William jumping. “You are making it awfully difficult to study you. If I cannot understand your mind then you are of no further use to me.”

“Is that a threat, Hannibal?” The prince asked, voice deceptively soft in comparison to the rage he felt inside at the blackmail. “Will you kill me if I no longer interest you?”

“Yes.” The reply was short and jarring. Truthful. The prince was surprised and strangely touched by the honesty.

“Thank you.” The words slipped out before the prince could stop them.

“Whatever for?” The slightest inflection in Hannibal's voice revealed the dragon’s surprise.

“For always being honest with me. Everybody else in Baltimore wore masks. They were always polite to my face but called me insane and a sorcerer behind my back.” William’s voice turned bitter. “I would not be surprised if they are celebrating my disappearance now as we speak.”

“And why is that?” The insistent question demanded an answer. *Speak or be killed.*

“I was – *am* – different. I can feel what others feel, assume their point of view in a way.” The prince suddenly became defensive and his shoulders tensed up. “It is not witchcraft. I avoid the dark arts.”

“Of course not, William,” the dragon agreed easily much to the prince's surprise. “You are merely empathetic. A gift that is to be treasured.”

The prince snorted in disbelief. “It is really more of a curse.”

“What is one man’s trash is another dragon's treasure,” Hannibal hummed thoughtfully. “What you see a burden, I see a gift. Life is a matter of perspective. All you must worry about, my prince, is that I view you in a positive light and you will live for a very long time yet.”

The prince let out a startled laugh at the realization. “I am to be your entertainment? I am not some - some damn pet to be owned, Hannibal!”

“Language,” the dragon instantly reprimanded and the prince was filled with self-loathing when he actually felt *bad* for swearing.

“That is not the point!” William insisted hotly. “The point is that I am not a possession! I am not your treasure! I am a human being with rights and feelings, God damn it!”

Hannibal’s answering smile was truly terrifying. “Oh, my dear, you have yet to realize that you became mine the second you entered this castle.”

William scowled angrily and certainly did *not* blush.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter was pretty dialogue focused. Next will be a lot more action packed as Hannibal does what he does best.

# Fresh, Skewered or Roasted?

Chapter Notes

> Hey guys, I really want to thank you all for your kudos and comments. It's really inspiring for me and puts a smile on my face.

It wasn't all sunshine and rainbows living with the dragon. Every second day, some deluded knight with an enlarged ego and an obvious death wish would charge the castle and promptly be eaten alive. The men died a variety of gruesome ways, some where skewered by claws and others were burnt beyond recognition. It really depended on the dragon's mood (and appetite). Every invasion and death took its toll on William who was forced to witness it with his current living arrangements. His nights were filled with the screams and cries of those he could not save and his days were filled with self-hatred and guilt at his inability to stop the dragon's murderous actions.

The prince's eyes flickered open in alarm and dread when he felt the brush of Hannibal's tail against his leg early this very morning.

"Let me sleep, Hannibal," Prince William mumbled tiredly as he rolled away from the irritating dragon.

"The castle is being invaded." If William were more awake, he would have noticed how Hannibal's usually calm and collected exterior had been shed, and he was instead tense and on edge.

The dragon hated how worked up these confrontations made William and wanted to end them as quickly as possible.

The prince's breathing deepened.

"Please do not do this, Hannibal!" William begged with tears in his eyes. "I cannot bear to see you kill another person!"

"William, I am relocating you to the rafters where you will be protected from harm."

"What?" William began to struggle as the dragon's tail curled around his waist and lifted him up into the air. "No, Hannibal! Put me down this instant!"

The prince was placed gently on the wooden beams that ran throughout the roof. His eyes widened in shock for this was the first time the dragon had made an effort to shield him from danger. Usually, he had to fend for himself during the attacks. The last time, he had thrown himself in front of another prince and was nearly obliterated into a crisp by Hannibal's fiery wrath.

The prince hastily glanced over the side of the beam and let out a startled yelp at the high height. William quickly dropped down and lay flat on the wood, closing his eyes in terror. He felt lightheaded. This was a really bad time to realize he had a phobia of heights.

“Hannibal!” William wailed. “Take me down from here!”

The prince’s pleas fell on deaf ears as the sound of confrontation echoed throughout the treasure room.

“You foul beast!” A deep, unfamiliar voice snarled followed by the sound of a sword being unsheathed. “Where do you keep your hostage?!”

“Are you referring to Princess Alana?" Hannibal’s voice positively rumbled in his chest. The prince peaked over the edge of the beam and sure enough, the dragon’s stomach was glowing red. William knew he was building up heat so he could breathe fire and death over his uninvited guest. "If so, I will never tell."

“No, I do not mean her.” A man donned in armor spat. William could just make out the mean angular lines of his face through his helmet. “I mean the uncultured woman who swears and cries for my help currently! Do you have no remorse, evil spawn of Satan?!”

The dragon chuckled which caused the prince to blush and exclaim defensively, “I am not a woman nor do I sound like one!”

“Never you fear. I Sir Marcus Salona will save you from this beast whether you be man or woman,” the knight declared as he bravely charged the dragon with his sword extended. The metal smashed against the dragon’s tough skin but could not penetrate it, causing the sword to bend at a right degree angle. Hannibal raised an unimpressed brow bone.

“No, go! Leave me!” William pleaded with the knight. “Please, save yourself!”

“I cannot for - ” The knight’s words were broken off as he was impaled through the stomach with a sharp claw. He dropped his broken sword and dramatically exclaimed. “I have been slain!”

“No!” William screamed as sobs tore free from his throat. He reached out over the wooden beam precariously. “Hannibal, I am begging you! Do not eat him! Let me bury him with the respect he deserves.”

The dragon ignored the prince’s words, making quick work of stripping the knight out of his metal armor with his sharp talons. A burst of flame engulfed the knight's body until all that remained was a char-coaled corpse. The dragon then daintily picked up his meal and slowly consumed his morsel with all the etiquette of a royal.

“Oh God –“ William broke off as he bit his fist in agony. “Why?! Why do you torment me so?!”

“I am sorry, William.” Hannibal apologized after he had swallowed his meal. It is rude to talk with one's mouth full, after all. “But I was rather famished and in the mood for roasted

human. A dragon must eat and with our large physique we require quite a generous amount of sustenance to keep us at a healthy weight."

"You are a monster!" William blabbered though his tears. "A monster!"

The dragon frowned minutely, feeling rather offended by the prince's statement. Honestly, William was more trouble than he was worth. It would be easier to kill him now then to continue constantly monitoring over him. However, Hannibal just couldn't bring himself to do it do it. A rather worrying sign indeed.

# Bonding Over a Shared Sense of Loneliness

There was something awfully wrong with Prince William. He was becoming too invested in his conversations with the dragon. In fact, the prince noticed with genuine surprise one morning weeks after his imprisonment, he rather enjoyed conversing with the beast that had kidnapped him. Maybe these pesky feelings had formed because the dragon was William's only form of entertainment in the castle. Or perhaps they grew because Hannibal was quite wise and very opinionated. All that the prince knew was that he felt his hatred for the dragon warring with a new emotion, *interest*. You see, that wasn't very good because the psychotic dragon had brutally murdered William's knight and countless others thus putting William in a moral dilemma. There was also the fact that the prince's life was tied to however long he could remain intriguing to said captor. The villagers were right, there was something seriously wrong with the prince. Like right now, William was watching the dragon positively preening beside all his treasure like the narcissistic asshole he was. Honestly, what good qualities did he even see in the dragon?

"Will you stop all that peacocking," William grumbled to himself, rubbing at his facial growth in an attempt to hide the small smile on his lips.

"Peacocking? I am merely admiring my exquisite collection of artwork and jewels."

"You are showing off like a male peacock to a group of peahens," the prince rolled his eyes, a rude habit the dragon was finding increasingly endearing. "Which, by the way, is irritating as hell."

"I see," Hannibal mused, "and in this metaphorical analogy does that make you the peahen that I am "showing off" my abilities too? Are you insinuating that I am courting you, Prince William?"

William scowled which was better than blushing.

"No," he grouched. "Never mind."

"On the contrary, I quite like the direction this conversation is taking."

William frowned. "You like any conversation that makes me feel mildly uncomfortable."

Hannibal hummed his assent, never outright lying to the prince.

There was a long lapse in the conversation.

"Enlighten me, William," Hannibal suddenly spoke. What do you pine for most from your castle in Baltimore?"

"That castle was not my home," William snapped which he immediately berated himself for. It had become all too easy to spill his thoughts and feelings to the dragon.

“Please elaborate.”

“I never felt at peace there,” William admitted. “I had a role to fulfill. I had to be strong and collected while inside I was…well….*not.* Everyday I tried to put on this facade but it was so hard because I did not care about the politics of war, marriage, or the petty gossip of the maids.”

“You would have been a minority,” Hannibal said wisely.

“Minority?” William chuckled dryly. “I was the only damn one! It was always so……”

“Lonely.” The breathed words were softened considerably by the dragon’s accent.

“Lonely,” Prince William affirmed, swallowing a lump in his throat as he forced himself to make eye contact with Hannibal. Those glowing maroon eyes held a certain level of understanding in them.

“You do not have to be alone anymore, William.” The prince jumped as the tip of the dragon’s tail came to rest on his shoulder. He tensed up, not used to such gestures of affection, especially not from a fire breathing dragon.

“Why?” William sneered. “Because I have you now? I would rather be alone than have a murderous dragon for company!”

The dragon’s face remained emotionless though his eyes danced with glee.

“I believe I have already forewarned you, William, that I can sense when you are being dishonest. I think it prudent right now to remind you of that fact.”

“Bullshit,” William spat, ignoring the disapproving frown he received for his uncouth language.

He turned his face away from the beast, feeling his heart sink because deep down he knew Hannibal's words to be true. He *had* been lonely. He had wanted someone to understand him but not like this. Never like this.

The prince suddenly let out a loud scream of aggravation, not unlike a child throwing a tantrum, before shoving his way through the gold to escape Hannibal’s grating presence. Glowing maroon eyes devoured each and every movement the prince made. Hannibal was a patient dragon and even though he was not entirely aware of what his future plans for William’s fate were in the current moment, he knew with certainty that they were on the right track.

# Humans in the Eyes of a Dragon

Chapter Notes

> Hey all. Time passes fast in this fic so pay a lot of attention to the amount of time mentioned at the beginning of each chapter.

Prince William had been trapped in the castle for months now and even though he had been searching the seemingly endless halls daily, he had yet to find Princess Alana Bloom. He was starting to become afraid for her well-being. What if the dragon had eaten her? Prince William had to know. He couldn't put off asking any longer. Even if just the idea of asking Hannibal about it made him feel sick to his stomach.

“Where is Princess Alana Bloom?”

The blank look the dragon gave him made him anxious.

The prince's voice lowered as he breathed out his fears. “You have not eaten her, have you?”

“Do you honestly believe I make a habit of devouring those whom I am assigned to protect?” The dragon had the nerve to look offended as though he hadn’t threatened to consume William on multiple occasions.

“Perhaps,” William replied tiredly. “How am I to know? We are strangers, you and I.”

Hannibal did not look impressed with that answer.

“No, I have not,” the dragon retorted sharply. “I made an oath to protect Alana Bloom and I pride myself on keeping my word.”

“How honorable.” Prince William snorted.

Hannibal narrowed his eyes in offense.

“What?” William sneered. “You feel morally obliged to keep promises but have no qualms about violently slaughtering humans?”

“Tell me, William.” Hannibal’s voice was completely devoid of emotion. “Did you devour meat dishes in your castle in Baltimore? Containing cow, chicken, or pork perhaps?”

“Yes.” William rolled his eyes at the rather inane question.

“Was that barbaric murder?”

William shrugged offhandedly. “No, the animals were beneath us. We needed to eat them in order to survive and we did not let them suffer when we killed them.”

“I see, for you it is not inhumane when a person or animal is slaughtering an inferior species,” Hannibal summarized.

“....Yes,” William reluctantly answered.

“What do you think I view humans as William?” The dragon hissed, voice positively oozing with malice. Prince William took a step back in fear. “With your subpar weaponary.” Hannibal demonstrated his point by snapping a knight's forgotten sword in two merely by stepping on the flimsy metal. “Your fragile bones,” the dragon’s claws stretched over the broken remains of his deceased victims, “and the disgusting stench of your sweat.” Hannibal inhaled sharply and gave the prince a pointed look. “To me William, all you humans are revolting filthy pigs.”

Prince William, though knowing it was completely irrational, couldn’t help but feel hurt by the words of the dragon.

“Is that what *I* am to you then?” William’s voice wobbled and he cursed himself for displaying his wounded feelings so openly. “A pig? An animal plumped up and groomed for the slaughter.”

The following silence was telling. The truth crystal clear in the dragon's eyes.  William felt fury bubble in his chest.

“To hell with you, Hannibal!” William screamed with pure unbridled rage. The dragon’s right eyelid twitched slightly. His only indication of his surprise at the outburst. “I was never *intrigued* by pigs. I never *talked* to pigs and I never *slept besides* pigs! At least the castle pigs were never treated like an equal only to have that cruelly ripped away from them!”

The prince stormed off, finding it rather difficult to maneuver himself through the quite unexpected blur of frustrated tears obscuring his vision.

William couldn't decide what pained him more in that moment, Hannibal’s words or the fact that the dragon did not follow after him.

# Hostage or Fan?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Quite ironically, it was thanks to their little fight that William finally found Princess Alana. His angry fury had left him blinded by rage and with the intense urge to take himself as far away from Hannibal without leaving the castle as physically possible. This lead to him venturing towards the back of the building, a fair distance from the front of the castle where the dragon's "den" was situated. Here, he found a hidden entrance that lead to the longest staircase he had ever seen. Too full of irritation to feel intimidated, he climbed each and every step and was surprised when he eventually came to a small landing. It contained only a single locked door. The prince let out a sigh and collapsed tiredly against the hinged structure. His back resting against the wood.

"Hannibal, is that you?" A soft timid voice called out and William jumped at the familiar sound.

"Alana, it is me!" Prince William called out hurriedly, excitement bubbling in his chest. "It is William – William Graham."

The door immediately swung open and the prince fell backwards into the room. Alana pounced on him and drew him into a hard embrace. They remained silent for what felt like an eternity until the princess eventually spoke.

"Will, what are you *doing* here?" Alana's incredulous voice was muffled by his underclothes; a linen undershirt and linen pants. William no longer wore his armor. He didn't see the point when Hannibal had proven time and time again how easy it would be to kill him with or without the extra protection. Besides, armor was a pain to lug around.

"I came to rescue you," William exclaimed before lowering his voice as he grudgingly admitted with humiliation, "but in the process, I may have, uh, unintentionally become the dragon's prisoner too."

"Prisoner?" Princess Alana blinked in confusion. "Oh William, you fail to understand."

The prince was instantly filled with dread. This must be serious. It always was when Alana chose formalities over his childhood nickname.

"How so?"

"Hannibal is not the one at fault here," she spoke gently, knowing this would be difficult for the prince to comprehend.

"The dragon is not at fault?" William repeated her words dubiously. "Alana, he slaughters every man who tries to rescue you! Of course he is at fault!"

“My parents locked me in here-”

“So you would be rescued and marry only the best suitor,” William recited. “Yes, I *know*.”

“No!” Alana’s aghast voice surprised him, allowing the prince to notice the tears in her eyes. “They imprisoned me in this tower because I fell in love with a woman. Princess Margot Verger. So beautiful is she, Will, that words fail to describe her. And for reasons I still am yet to understand, she felt the same for me also. When my parents discovered our courtship, they demanded I put an end to it and marry a prince. When I refused, they threw me in here to hide their shame.”

Prince William was disappointed. He had been so certain that if he could just reach Alana he could easily convince her to marry him. However, if her heart belonged to another, what could he possibly do?

“But Hannibal-” the prince objected.

“Has stopped any man from forcing me to marry him against my will," Princess Alana retorted. Her voice filled with gratitude when it should have been rife with horror and disgust.

“By *eating* them!” William spat.

“I admit it is not the most desirable method but-”

“There is no excuse for killing, Alana!” The prince stated firmly. “It is wrong.”

“What is right and wrong are merely social constructs.” Alana might have spoken the words but the prince knew their true origin.

“Please stop. When you speak those words, it is not your voice I hear, but his.

The princess blushed a deep red. Prince William felt faint at the sight of it.

“You *desire* him.” The whispered words were hard to force out of his throat. “You are *attracted* to him.”

“Will-” Alana’s voice had a tone that was directed at the prince very often, pity.

“You love Margot,” William hissed accusingly.

“I have not seen her in a long time,” Princess Alana countered, “and this is nothing more than a small infatuation. Completely unrequited, I assure you."

“He is not even human!” Prince William pointed out in frustration. “He is a dragon!”

“Oh, you have not seen it, then?” Alana asked.

“Seen what?”

“His human form?” Alana’s voice had a dreamy quality to it that made the prince's skin crawl. “It is quite beautiful. Almost as lovely as the dragon skin he wears.”

A feeling grew deep in William's heart that he was not accustomed too. It was an emotion that he refused to recognize.

“Are you alright, Will?” The princess's worried voice seemed distant and far away from him as though he were underwater. "You look pale. And there is something about your lips. A sour pinching."

*Jealous*, William's mind whispered. *You are jealous, but of who? Alana or Hannibal?*

Princess Alana pressed her hand against his forehead, feeling his temperature. “You seem to be unwell.”

“William!” The prince flinched at the deep roaring voice that was booming throughout the castle. He quickly pushed Alana's hand aside and ducked to hide underneath her bed. He was definitely not in the mood to talk to his dragon captor.

“Will?”

“We had a disagreement,” William simply replied as way of explanation. His voice muffled by the bed sheets hiding him from view. He felt like a child, hiding away like this, but it was better than being out there. It was better than facing Hannibal.

“William?!” The voice called again, this time it contained the slightest hint of worry. Something only someone who had been in the company of the dragon for a long period of time would be able to notice.

Prince William peeked out of his hiding spot at Alana. He noticed the uncertainty in her eyes. Torn between loyalty for her childhood friend and her so called "protector".

“Tell him I am not here if he asks,” William commanded of her, his voice becoming bitter. “You owe me, after all.”

The prince reached out and blindly fumbled around for some pillows from the top of the princess's bed. He then positioned them around him on the floor, creating a makeshift mattress.

He might as well get comfortable. He was going to be here for a long time, after all.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter, Hannibal starts looking for his prince and he is NOT happy.

# The Search for Prince William

Chapter Notes

Hey all, I hope you enjoy this chapter as much as I enjoyed writing it.

“Will,” Alana urged him again.

“No,” William repeated.

“Hannibal has been searching for you for days now. He will surely kill me when he realizes I have been aiding in your concealment.”

“No, he will not,” William replied resentfully. “He swore an oath to keep you alive and 'he always keeps his promises'.”

“Well, he might very well kill you then,” Princess Alana spoke fearfully.

“I have not run away,” Prince William argued. "That was the bargain we struck. I stay and I live. I go and I die. I have stayed. Therefore, I shall live."

“Some might consider this a sort of running away. An avoidance of your problems,” Alana contradicted in the same rational voice the dragon used. The thought choked the prince up with emotion. Damn it, Prince William could not believe he was actually admitting it but he missed the murderous beast.

There was a knock on Alana’s door that had William diving under her bed headfirst. The princess's anxiety peaked as she rushed to right her bed covers to properly conceal him.

“Princess Alana Bloom?” Hannibal queried. “Are you decent?”

The prince rolled his eyes at the lovely etiquette the dragon was displaying. Sure, the dragon provided William with fresh clothes to change into but did he give him the privacy to change? *No*. Why not? *"Trust is something that must be earned, dear William."*

“Yes, I am decent.” Alana called out sweetly from where she was perched regally on her bed. “You may come in.”

The prince stifled a snigger at her attempt to impress the dragon with her manners. His jaw, however, dropped when he glanced under the bedspread and saw polished black shoes rather than elongated claws and scales. Alana's past words came back to haunt him, *"You have not seen his human form? It is really quite beautiful."*

“Have you come into recent contact with a scruffy young man? He is approximately six foot. A rather shifty fellow that avoids eye contact and is unspeakably rude.” Hannibal fired the words off at a rapid pace. The rather offensive description of his person caused the prince to raise his eyebrows.

“Does his name happen to be Prince William Graham?” Alana replied innocently.

There was a pause, the drag – *erm* – currently man, had frozen in his pacing and was deathly still. A peculiar noise filled the air, almost as if someone was sniffing deeply.

“You have become recently acquainted with William.” It was not posed as a question. There was something strange in Hannibal’s voice that the prince was not able to decipher.

“Recently acquainted?” The princess scoffed. “We are childhood friends. I know him as well as I know myself.”

“I see.” Hannibal’s voice was cold as he slowly approached Alana’s bed with measured footsteps. “Does that mean you feel an attachment towards him?”

“To an extent.”

“Enough to say,” Hannibal continued nonchalantly, picking at a loose thread on her sheets. William held his breath at the close proximity to his hiding place, “share a bed with him?”

“Excuse me?!” Alana was outraged. “Are you suggesting what I think you are?!”

Hannibal raised a hand to silence her. “Do not lie to me, Princess Alana. I smell his scent in every corner of this room.”

The statement had the prince blushing profusely. He didn't think he stunk that badly. He pressed his nose into this clothes and took a deep whiff. It was not overly bad. He had not changed clothes in a few days but it was not detectable from a distance. Maybe the scent thing had something to do with heightened dragon senses.

Alana bit her lip, knowing she had been caught.

“You said some rather hurtful insults, Hannibal,” she justified quietly. “He needed some-”

“Where is he?” Hannibal interrupted her which was uncharacteristically rude of him.

“I-”

“Alana Bloom.” The man-dragon breathed softly, his voice deceptively gentle. “I made an oath to your parents that I would not harm a single hair on your head and I must admit that you are making it increasingly difficult for me to stay true to my word in this current moment.”

The threat hung heavy in the air as thick tension crackled between them. The prince lowered his head, sensing that he was about to be discovered.

“Oh dear…” Alana trailed off as she finally understood the reason for Hannibal’s unusually feral behaviour. An irrational flare of jealousy burned deep in her chest.

Hannibal, who had been watching her intently, was able to notice the shift in her expression. “Oh yes, Princess Alana. It would be unwise to conceal my prince from me any longer.”

A beat.

“He is under my bed.”

Prince William barely had time to process the words before a hand was grasping his wrist and he was being yanked out from his hiding place. He let out a grunt of surprise as he landed in the middle of the room. William's eyes widened as he came face to face with the man underneath the dragon. Hannibal loomed over him, intimidatingly tall and broad shouldered. He was immaculately dressed in a crisp white shirt tucked into form fitting black trousers. He had those same familiar high cheekbones though pale skin now adorned his face and body rather than black scales. Where horns once sat there was now thin blond hair sweeping across his forehead. Hannibal's intense maroon eyes, same in dragon and in human form, scanned every inch of the prince as though accessing for injuries.

William shifted, feeling very uncomfortable.

“Good morning, Hannibal,” William mumbled. His gaze fluttering away from those familiar eyes and instead focusing on the few strands of hair falling into the man's face. Hannibal remained silent and the prince forced himself to remain calm. It would not do to panic. Even though he was pretty sure he was about to me eaten. Oh God, he was going to be eaten alive. He was -

The prince’s eyes widened in shock as he was suddenly airborne. His stomach roughly landed on Hannibal’s shoulder, causing him to wheeze out in pain.

“Hannibal!” Alana gasped in open horror. “What are you doing?!”

“I am merely returning William to where he belongs,” Hannibal replied easily as though he weren't currently manhandling a struggling prince.

“Not the dungeons!” Princess Alana pleaded desperately, stumbling towards him. “Oh please, Hannibal! It is I who is at fault. I kept him hidden from you! If anyone belongs there, it is me!”

Hannibal frowned. “No one is going to the dungeons. I merely meant that William belongs with all my other precious valuables and with me. He certainly has no place in your bedroom.”

Alana let out a strangled sound of offense as Hannibal cleared her room, shutting the door carefully behind him. He locked it for good measure. The prince, now recovered from his surprise, redoubled his efforts for freedom.

“Put me down this instant, Hannibal!” Prince William roared, his face red with embarrassment as he banged his fists against the man’s back.

“Shh,” Hannibal reassured the terrified prince. “It is alright, William.”

“Like hell it is!” The prince sneered. “Let go of me, you brute!”

“That was most impolite, William.” Hannibal’s voice was low, the warning clear. Instinctively the prince froze, heart thudding at a fast pace when he came to the horrible realization that he was in the arms of a killer.

“Please do not kill me.” The whispered plea came out much more vulnerable than William had originally intended.

The man paused mid-step. “I would never merely kill you, William. I would consume you entirely.”

The prince’s panic spiked.

“Please do not consume me then,” he moaned with fear.

“You are in luck, my prince.” Hannibal replied with a fond smile. “I happen to find the world much more interesting with you in it.”

William let out a sigh of relief.

He was safe, for now.

# An Invasion of Personal Space

Chapter Notes

Useful to know

garderobe = a medieval toilet

Hannibal was acting strange. Well, more strange than a fire-breathing dragon ought to behave. It had started a few days after the prince had been dragged, quite literally, kicking and screaming out of Alana's room. It was around this time that Prince William had noticed something odd about his mattress. It had been moved towards the back of the treasury room in the corner furthest from the main door. The peculiar behaviour had continued when Hannibal began adorning his human form more often and following the prince everywhere he went throughout the castle. And when the prince said everywhere. He meant *everywhere.* It was so extreme that Hannibal had begun neglecting to guard his precious treasure in favour of aimlessly stalking William. In fact, the prince was pretty sure things were going missing in the treasury room. As in, knights were breaking in and stealing things and Hannibal *did not* care enough to stop them. It was all very serious.

The prince gave it a week. Surely by then, the dragon would eventually tire of William's boring routine which consisted of walking throughout the corridors silently while he secretly mapped out all the hidden pathways, talking for hours on end with Alana about life, and sitting in the library for hours to flick through the pages of books. Yet, the man continued his little game as the days trickled into weeks. He became William's shadow, always lurking in the peripherals of his vision. It was driving the prince mad. Hannibal never read a book in the library or studied the paintings on the walls as they walked or did anything remotely normal. He would just stare intensely at the prince, burning holes into his back with his gaze. Those maroon eyes never left him, not for a second of the day. William began having nightmares that he would grow old and grey with those maroon eyes still pinned to his body. Die with them watching him. The prince knew it was only a matter of time before it all came to an eventual climax. He just did not expect it to be about the lavatory of all things.

"Where are you going?" Hannibal queried as William broke their usual routine of spending three consecutive hours in the library.

"The garderobe," the prince replied shortly.

"I see," Hannibal nodded solemnly as though the prince had just told him grave news. "I will accompany you then."

William scoffed. "That is hardly necessary. I know where it is."

“I also require the lavatory.”

The prince’s eyes almost popped out of his head. “Do dragons not piss in the sky?”

Hannibal looked quite offended at the assumption. “Are you insisting that because part of my blood is dragon that I must behave in an uncivilized animalistic manner?”

“No,” William crossed his arms as his curiosity continued to nag him, “….but I have to ask. Have you ever relieved yourself in the sky before? You must have, at least once. It would be a pain to have to change into your human form just for a quick whiz.”

“Never.” Hannibal glared venomously at the man who dared insult him with such ridiculous questions. “Besides, it is much too dangerous for my kind to excrete wastes so carelessly. Dragon urine is acidic. I could cause immense damage to the landscape with such vile behaviour.”

“Oh no, you would not want to damage the beautiful land.” William’s voice was coated in a thick layer of sarcasm. “Human lives on the other hand, those are expendable, but destroying the fields and forests, now that would be just *inexcusable.”*

*“*Some creatures must protect nature from undue harm. Humans are far too selfish to care for the well-being of the earth.”

The prince grumbled under his breath that the specific "creature" should also have a moral compass. Hannibal narrowed his eyes at him but otherwise remained silent, gesturing for William to walk ahead of him.

The prince paused as an idea sprung to mind. “You go first.”

“Pardon me?” The man-dragon blinked, dazed.

William rolled his eyes. “Do your business first. There is only one garderobe after all. I will wait here.”

Hannibal hesitated. “But you were the first to complain of a full bladder. It would be impolite if I go first and leave you in discomfit.”

William gritted his teeth together. He knew exactly what the man was playing at. The prince would be halfway to the garderobe when he would hear the soft squeak of near silent footsteps. After he had relieved himself he would exit the door, only to bump into Hannibal. He would then hurry back to the library but no matter how fast he ran, the man would always be one step behind him. Oh no, not this time. He has had enough.

“I *insist* you go before me,” William said, well, insistently.

Hannibal looked mildly suspicious.

“What?” The prince grounded out in obvious frustration. “You are always telling me to use my manners. This is me being a polite gentleman.”

Hannibal glared at Prince William for another minute. William refused to break eye contact or stand down. They were in a tense standoff. Hannibal then slowly lowered himself back down into his chair and crossed his legs. “Nevermind, I no longer require to go.”

The prince closed his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose in an attempt to calm himself down.

*Stupid insufferable dragon who cannot make up his bloody mind,* he fumed.

“Well, I still need to go. Do not wait outside the door this time.”

“Why not?”

The prince felt something inside him snap. He whirled around and faced Hannibal with fiery eyes. “Because it is perverse and it makes me feel more than a little uncomfortable!”

The man-dragon stiffened and swallowed thickly. “My apologies, William. I did not intend for my actions to be perceived as such.”

William felt guilt curl at the bottom of his stomach which only made him feel more frustrated. He tugged at his hair to give his hands something to do other than strangle Hannibal. “This has to stop, Hannibal.”

Hannibal bowed his head. “I am well aware.”

William took a deep breath and released it along with his anger. “Then why do you keep invading my personal space? Why will you not leave me alone?”

Hannibal ducked his head and avoided Prince William's eyes. It was the first time the prince had ever noticed an outward sign of embarrassment from Hannibal. That’s when William finally realized what was going on.

“You are scared.” The prince’s voice became softer and gentler as he empathized with Hannibal. “You are terrified that I will disappear again and this time you will lose me forever.”

“How absurd.” Hannibal scoffed.

William brushed aside the man’s prickly attitude. “It is okay, Hannibal. I am not going anywhere. I rather value my life.”

Hannibal stared hard at the prince, maroon eyes scanning for the telltale signs in those that are lying. It seemed to be the truth.

“Alright.” Hannibal gave William a small smile. The first smile in weeks. “I believe you.”

The prince grinned lopsidedly in return. “Now, can I please relieve myself in peace?”

The man gestured towards the door with his body firmly planted in his chair. “Be my guest.”

Hannibal did not move from his seat for the rest of the day, even when the prince left the room.

William almost wept with relief.

# Cuddling (For Survival Purposes, of Course)

Chapter Notes

Some Hannigram cuteness just cause.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The nights grew colder in the castle as winter approached. The prince, unaccustomed to such freezing weather, would regularly awake at night shaking. It did not help when Hannibal piled his mattress high with linens and warm bedding. The cold of the surrounding gold seemed to still seep through the mattress into his skin. He was so desperate for warmth that one particularly cold evening he even attempted to curl up beside the dragon's tail. However, the scales were icy rather than heated and only served to make the prince's plummeting body temperature worse. Hannibal, upon noticing the prince's dilemma, transformed one night before bed.

"W-what are you doing?" William's teeth chattered as he felt a dip in the mattress.

"I am providing you with warmth," Hannibal replied softly, reaching towards the prince as he slipped underneath the mound of blankets. William stiffened as he felt Hannibal press against his back and wrap a cautious arm around his waist. "This is the only way I know how to do so."

The prince slowly relaxed and let out a contented sigh as he felt heat seep into his skin. He pushed himself further into Hannibal's hard body, intertwining their legs and arms together. Gradually, feeling returned to his fingers and toes that were previously numb.

"Next time," William grumbled, cheeks aflame at the rather embarrassing position he was in, "just light a fire."

"And risk burning down the entire castle and all my treasures?" Hannibal was appalled by the request. "I could never do such a thing."

The prince sighed in a way that was entirely too fond. "You are such a child sometimes."

"Did you just insult a shape-shifting dragon that is currently in a close enough proximity to end your life?" Hannibal questioned with a small smile. "Some would say that is foolish indeed."

"They obviously have not met you." William countered. "In order to remain entertaining I must constantly risk my own life. It is a paradox in itself."

Hannibal hummed and the two fell into a comfortable silence. The prince was on the verge of sleep when he was awoken yet again.

“My prince?” Hannibal whispered reverently, his breath tickling William’s ear. The prince suppressed a shiver at the intimacy of it.

“Yes?”

“I no longer desire to devour you or harm you at all for that matter,” the man-dragon admitted.

William’s heartbeat quickened at his words.

“Even if I try to escape?” The prince jested, trying to lighten the mood.

“Even then, I do not think I could bring myself to do it,” Hannibal confessed, voice hardening considerably as he added. “That does not mean attempting to escape would be any less reckless. I have the eyes of a hawk and wings that propel me faster than any steed alive. I *will* find you and I will not be pleased when I do.”

“Alright,” William yawned with fatigue, “it would have been nice to have known that earlier.”

“Oh?” Hannibal prompted curiously.

“I have been scared out of my wits for the better half of this year thinking I was about to become a main course.”

Hannibal tutted. “Do not be daft, William. You are much too lean and supple to be an entree. You would be much better suited as a dessert.”

“How lovely. That knowledge will surely help me fall asleep.” William sarcastically jabbed as he snuggled in and settled down. “Good night, my terrifying yet oddly polite dragon captor.”

“Goodnight, my darling prince.” Hannibal replied fondly. He listened carefully for William’s slowing heartbeat. Only when the prince was in a deep enough sleep, did the man-dragon allow himself to lower his nose to William's neck and sniff daintily. The concoction of sweat, metallic gold, and something uniquely William was heavenly but there was something else there too, something new.

Hannibal pressed his nose further and took a deep whiff, finally able to pinpoint the new smell. It was *himself.* It seemed that due to there constant close proximity to one another, Hannibal's scent had began to rub off onto William. The knowledge made both the man and dragon in Hannibal positively preen.

Chapter End Notes

So yeah, Hannibal's pretty smitten at this point. But the big question is, is Will just as taken with Hannibal?

# Becoming Closely Acquainted with King Mason Verger and His Sharp Sword

Chapter Notes

> I apologize for the long chapter title. It's an absolute mouthful. I also promise it's not a euphemism.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Prince William was uncertain of how much time had passed since he and Hannibal had that important conversation. You know, the one where Hannibal assured Will he was most likely safe from death by dragon. It was as if time itself had slowed down in the castle and with very little entertainment besides Hannibal, the prince was in a constant state of boredom.

Except today would be different, it would seem, as William unexpectedly felt himself being grabbed around his waist and hurled into the open door of a room. A sense of déjà vu engulfed him at the memory of similar circumstances, causing a stab of pain as he remembered his fallen knight and friend, Sir Jack Crawford.

The cold tip of a sword pressed against the base of his throat quickly snapped him out of his mourning, however.

“King Mason Verger,” Came the quick introduction, “and if you do not tell me where Princess Alana Bloom is in five seconds, I will cut off your fingers and toes one by one until you are writhing in agony and then, and only then, will I think about ending your miserable life.”

The prince raised an eyebrow. *How rude.*

“Prince William Graham,” the prince replied calmly, extending his hand in greeting as bowing was certainly out of the question. “I am not an enemy. I happen to also be a captive of Hanni - *the dragon*.”

Mason grinned. “That is fascinating, it really is. However, I really do not care. Do you or do you not know where Princess Alana Bloom is located?”

Prince William was rather certain that there was only one answer to that question that would allow him to live.

“Yes, as a matter of fact, I do." A pause. "I can lead you to her if you would like?”

***

Hannibal was nowhere in sight when William entered the large cavernous treasure room filled with glinting gold and jewels. He even checked the roof. The prince felt a headache coming on.

How it could be that the insufferable dragon was never there when he needed him and always there when the prince did not want to see him was more than a little infuriating. It did not matter, either way. William did not need his help. He was not a damsel in distress. He was Prince William Graham for heaven's sake! He was trained in swordsmanship. He knew how to defend himself!

Mason sneered. “I do not see Princess Alana here. Unless she is hiding behind one of these mounds of gold?”

After a couple of vicious kicks at the piles of coins, precious stones and various other sacred objects - *Yes, the prince has noticed the religious crosses and no, he does not know what game Hannibal is playing at* - Mason gave an irritated huff. William wanted to point out that had Alana been behind all that gold she could have been severely injured. Again, the prince had a feeling this did not matter to Mason. That made it all the more important for Prince William to keep Princess Alana’s whereabouts hidden from him. While the king had been distracted with his thorough search through Hannibal's valuables, William had inched ever closer to his own sword that was lying patiently on his mattress. It was beckoning him; *I am here. I am waiting.* William wished his armour was also there. Without it the fight was hardly fair.

“I do not understand why you brought me here,” Mason exclaimed. “Are you trying to bribe me with all this gold to spare your life? This is a insult! I am a king and already have such luxuries at my feet!”

William was only half a meter from his sword and self-absorbed Mason was still ranting about his lavish life. When his hands finally enclosed around the handle of his weapon, a breath of relief escaped his lips. The prince only had a moment of peace before a loud swooshing sound had him rearing his sword up. He had only just deflected Mason’s attempt to slice off his head with the move and the sword had grazed his neck. William felt the familiar trickle of liquid running down his throat. He retaliated viciously with a hard swing. Together they dueled, meeting blow for blow.

“I would advise,” William panted with physical exertion, wincing as he strained his hand combating a particularly hard thrust of Mason’s sword, “that you attempt to be polite when the mighty Hannibal graces us with his late presence.”

“Is that so?” Mason laughed loudly as he manically wielded his own weapon. “And how should I address his lordship?”

“Whatever you do, do not call him *dragon,"* William warned.

“That should not be too difficult as I plan to skip the pleasantries and simply cut off his head instead.”

“Best of luck with that.” William replied though it lacked any real conviction or desire.

“My prince, you did not inform me that you had invited a guest.” Hannibal's voice boomed loudly, shaking the gold that lay at their feet.

The two men both jumped in surprise, breaking apart from their duel.

The dragon slithered forward from the shadows, looming large above the two men.

"My name is Hannibal Lecter. What brings you to my castle?"

“King Mason Verger.” The man introduced himself and bless him, he did not look remotely terrified as he glanced up at the massive creature. Hannibal’s large head glanced left to right as he intensely surveyed the area. His eyes focussed on Prince William, lingering particularly at the shallow cut marring the delicate plane of his neck.

The dragon's voice was scolding as she said, “Mason Verger, you invade my home and damage my most prized possession. Your behaviour has been unspeakably rude. What is to be done about that?”

“I do not know, dragon,” Mason drawled with a smirk as Hannibal’s eyes narrowed at him. “What punishment do you think is fitting of my crimes?”

Hannibal’s eyes were glowing a ruby red. A tell-tale sign that a fire was building in the depths of his stomach.

“I believe death is a rather suitable end. Whenever feasible one should always eat the rude, after all.”

Chapter End Notes

Dun. Dun. Duuun.

# The Battle

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The dragon opened his mouth and was about to breathe a fiery death onto the king when Mason reached into his armour and pulled out a strange contraption. It looked suspiciously like a dog collar to William. He then threw it at the dragon. The black material magically slid itself around the dragon's neck, locking into place. At once, the dragon began to shake and spasm, shrinking in size. Mason already had his sword ready, aimed at heart level for when the transformation was complete. The prince realized with horror that Hannibal had been forced to shift into his human form and would be unprepared for Mason's fatal attack that awaited. William did not think, he did. He thrusted his sword at Mason and jumped in front of Hannibal's body to protect his captor.

Mason instantly leaped into battle again.

"I thought you claimed to be his prisoner," Mason said, seeming just as confused by the change of heart as William.

"I am!" Prince William replied defensively as he fought off the king's aggressive hits.

"What are you doing then?" Mason demanded. "Whose side are you on?"

"I am not entirely sure," William admitted between grunts of exertion. All he knew was that he could not let *his* dragon - um *the* dragon - die.

"Let me help you decide," Mason coaxed. "If you aid me in my defeat of the beast then I will gift you half of the riches we stand on as a reward and allow you to return home to your kingdom."

William's empathy kicked to life. His mind was bombarded with image after image of himself being gutted open from chest to navel.

"You *lie,*" William spat furiously, his reality and imagination dangerously intermixing. "You will use my extensive knowledge of Hannibal's weaknesses and then, when he is destroyed, gut me like a fish and leave me for dead!"

Mason seemed stunned at the very accurate description of his plan of disposing Prince William Graham. His momentarily lapse of attention allowed the prince to slice the king in the small exposed flesh between his shoulder and the neck in the armor. It created a rather deep gash. Mason immediately switched from offensive to defensive, battling away William before he could cause any further damage.

"You have no honour!" the prince seethed hatefully as he was surrounded by feminine cries begging for a mercy that was not granted. He saw the ripping of flesh with a small knife, felt Mason's joy at her pained cries. "The world will be better off rid of you!"

Another slash. This time William was able to cut into the man's ankle by finding an exposed point between his metal boots and his leg armour. Mason hissed and the sound was like music to the prince's ears. The clanging of metal continued. All William could think about was Hannibal, about when he was going to finish this bastard off and whether he was more injured by the collar than Will had anticipated. For all William knew, it could be torturing him, strangling him. He could be dying right now...

With the prince's distracting thoughts, Mason was able to break through William's deflection of his blows and strike his right hand. William cried out as he reflectively dropped his sword, blood dripping down his fingers and splashing onto Hannibal's pristine treasure. It was rather poor survival instincts that one of his last thoughts before his inevitable death was that Hannibal was going to have to spend an eternity trying to clean all the traces of his blood from all this gold.

Mason triumphantly grinned, sword drifting from William's hand to his heart.

"Usually I would relish in this but I simply do not have the time," King Mason sounded rather disappointed as he lifted up his helmet to better see. "I suppose a quick stab will do."

William's injured hand was cradled to his chest in an attempt to nurse it. Ignoring his fear, the prince forced himself to make eye contact with his enemy. William gagged as he felt the cool metal pierce through his chest. He glanced down at the sword, his eyes becoming heavy as blood poured from the wound. His knees buckled and he collapsed. He stared up at Mason with hatred in eyes.

*I do hope Hannibal eats me when I die*, came the sudden unexpected thought in William's mind. *I do hope he eats me so I can be a part of him forevermore.*

An animalistic snarl echoed throughout the cavern as Hannibal, who had recovered from the shock of the collar and forced change, shed his rigid composure. He leaped onto Mason's back, sharp teeth glinting in the light of the candles before they latched onto the man's throat. The man-dragon tore a good portion of flesh off. His lips momentarily matching the color of his eyes. Prince William's eyelids were becoming heavy as his hands clutched at his chest but he forced himself to stay awake and watch the majestic being that was Hannibal. The man's fingernails, still sharp and long even in human form, scratched through Mason's armor and flesh to reach bone. The cries and gurgles of the king echoed loudly throughout the treasure room. The prince couldn't imagine his last image being anything more lovely. Maroon eyes held hazy blue as the man wrapped his arms around Mason from behind. Hannibal then plunged a clawed hand into the king's chest cavity, ignoring the man's pitiful writhing and crying as his hands gripped the wanted organ. The *beat beat* of Mason's heart thudded down Hannibal's arm and with an euphoric grin and a quick twist, it stopped. The man gently pulled out the organ and stretched his bloody arm out. It was an offering to William that spoke volumes. *You have my heart.*

The prince's vision became clouded as he choked out his last words. "It is *beautiful."*

Chapter End Notes

Guys, don't worry. Will is not dead.

If you're wondering where that collar came from, there's a bit of backstory behind it that I didn't think was important enough to include in the main story. Princess Bedelia Du Maurier is actually a closeted witch who created the magical device and gave it to Mason. Enraged that William did not accept marriage with her and knowing he went in search of Princess Alana, she coerced Mason (who was already looking for another queen, the former one having "mysteriously died") into going after Alana to be his bride. She knew full well that he would easily kill William if he got in his way which is part of her revenge plan.

# Dragon Tears

Chapter Notes

Sorry for leaving you all on a cliffhanger. I hope this chapter makes up for it :).

Prince William startled awake and found that he was lying on his mattress. His eyes darted around the familiar treasury room.

*How is this possible? Did I not die? I was stabbed though.*

The prince scrambled to remove his shirt, perplexed when he realized that it was clean and new.

*What in the...?* William stared at his bare torso, wondering if it had all been a nightmare. He traced a thin white scar on his chest with a gentle finger. *It was real. It had to have been. I have the scars to prove it.*

“How am I alive right now?” Prince William wondered aloud.

“Mason missed your heart. The wound you received, while still fatal if left unattended, prolonged your death and gave me the time necessary to heal it,” Hannibal explained. William jumped in surprise at the dragon’s presence. He wondered how he could have missed the gigantic creature before noticing that Hannibal was still in his human form. The collar was long gone though and so was Mason's corpse.

Prince William frowned. “There was so much blood though. There was no way...” The prince trailed off in horror as he noticed his hands glinted green in the candlelight. They were a strange smooth and rough texture. “Oh God! What did you do, Hannibal?! There are scales on my hands! Why are there scales on my hands, Hannibal?!”

William was hyperventilating at this point which greatly concerned the man-dragon. Hannibal quickly strode in front of the prince and planted warm and reassuring hands on his face. He forced the prince to make eye contact with him.

“William,” Hannibal spoke softly. “I need you to keep calm for me, can you do that?”

The prince shook his head, scrunching his eyes closed as his breathing worsened.

“My prince?” Hannibal prodded. “Focus on me.”

Prince William's eyes snapped open. His hands latched onto Hannibal's shoulders like a lifeline. Hannibal reached for William's scaly hand, pausing to admire the texture. The feeling

made his eyes close momentarily with pleasure but he forced himself to focus on what was important. He placed William's hand flat against his chest directly above his heart.

“Can you feel that?” Hannibal’s voice was low and rhythmic. “Can you feel my heart beat beneath your palm?”

The prince nodded with flushed cheeks.

“Concentrate on the rise and fall and try to slow your breathing to the same rhythm.” Hannibal instructed.

William closed his eyes and forced all thoughts from his mind except for the beating life beneath Hannibal’s skin. He felt infinitely calmer as the minutes drifted by, their hearts beating in synchronization, as *one.*

“Good, my prince. Very good,” Hannibal praised with a soft smile and an affectionate caress of William’s curls. Prince William leaned into the touch before he realized what he was doing and stiffened. *To hell with it. He already died for the man-dragon, he deserved this pampering!* With that sorted, William closed his eyes and relaxed.

“Alright,” William spoke with a resigned sigh, just knowing the prideful dragon would love this part, “go on and tell me how you saved my life and it better not be something as cliché as true loves kiss."

Hannibal looked mildly uncomfortable for most probably the first time in his life. “Dragon tears.”

The prince paused, his voice dumbfounded. “You *cried* over me?”

Hannibal cringed at the wording. “It appears that I am not as coldhearted as we both originally thought.”

“I never knew dragon tears had healing properties.” William voiced with awe before his eyes grew dark and accusing. “You selfish bastard! Think of all the lives you could have saved with those tears! I bet you were alive during plagues and did nothing to aid all those dying children!”

Hannibal’s mouth thinned. “It is not as simple as that, William. It is a very difficult feat to make a dragon weep. It is something that cannot be forced. Even I, myself, cannot cry by sheer willpower alone.”

“Really?” William said sarcastically. “Because you had no problem sobbing over a measly human such as myself.”

“You were never measly in my eyes, William,” Hannibal paused, unsure of whether or not to divulge the next bit of information. “Nor are you technically human anymore so the point is moot.”

The prince's eyes widened. “What?! What do you mean?!”

“Once a human is healed by a dragon he undergoes a transformation into the same creature.” Hannibal explained calmly. “It makes sense in our kind for this to happen as dragon tears have numerous properties besides healing and transformation. They can destroy and wipe out entire populations of species when used in potions, killing dragons and humans alike. Therefore, to limit the production and risk of tears, those we cry over become stronger by being given dragon like abilities to survive.”

“This is mad, I tell you,” the prince muttered to himself, head in his hands. “Absolutely mad.”

Hannibal comforted the prince with a hand on his shoulder.

“William, there is nothing to be worried about. I assure you being a dragon is quite enjoyable.”

“I am sure it is *Mr. I like to torture people before I eat them.*”

A small frown graced Hannibal’s lips. “I thought we had already overcome the unpleasantries of the past.”

“Of course,” William spat venomously as he rolled his eyes, “I have completely forgiven the dragon that impaled my knight with a sword and roasted my horse alive.”

“If you are full of such hatred for me then why did you save my life?” Hannibal retorted sharply.

The prince opened his mouth, ready to spit out a witty reply but found that he was speechless. He had a sudden flashback to Hannibal’s human form elegantly ripping out Mason’s throat.

“I am not entirely sure.”

“William," Hannibal sighed in a long suffering manner, "you are already aware -”

“That you can tell when I am lying.” The prince interjected. “Yeah, yeah. I *know.”*

“Then why do you continue to do so?”

“For reasons that allude me,” Prince William's voice rose to a higher pitch with the lie.

Hannibal smirked. “Oh, you certainly do know, my prince. I believe this hostile attitude directed towards me is not the result of my past actions or your body adjusting to your transmogrification into a dragon.”

“Yeah,” The prince sneered though his voice had lost most of its fight, “and what do you think the cause of my *hostile attitude* is then, wise old dragon?”

“I conclude that you are struggling to deal with an epiphany you experienced before Mason attempted to end your life.” Hannibal’s eyes burned intensely into William’s own as his voice became deeper and huskier. “You fear that you have lost your sanity as what you feel is not deemed suitable by your consciousness given the situation that you have found yourself in.”

The prince swallowed thickly as Hannibal pressed on. “Your logical brain refutes your heart's claim that you have fallen in love with a dragon.”

# Happily Ever After?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Prince William opened his mouth but his protests were silenced by an upheld hand.

“Yet when it came down to my life or yours, you chose to sacrifice your own in order to save mine.” Hannibal’s voice was fond now. “A conscious decision that was made by both head and heart which tells me now that the only obstacle holding you back from proclaiming your feelings for me is your pride, dear William, and your fear of your kingdom's expectations.”

The prince was gobsmacked. The dragon was right. Of course he was.

“Kingdom's expectations?” William queried in a small voice.

“That you take a princess to marry. A future queen to bare your heirs and carry on the Graham name.”

“None of that matters. I am a prisoner here and will never return home to fulfill said duties.”

“Not anymore, my prince,” Hannibal had that strange soft smile again.

“What do you mean?” William should have been excited and elated at the words. Instead, all he felt was dread and a kind of feverish desperation.

“I am setting you free. You may go wherever you desire.”

Prince William ducked his heads. He did not want Hannibal to see the way his eyes burned.

“That is it then? You are having me thrown from your castle. After everything we have been through you have finally had enough of me. Have I lost my value?! Am I no longer *interesting*?”

“William, you will always fascinate me but I no longer wish to restrain you against your will so you remain at my side," Hannibal replied gently in an attempt to soothe the distraught prince. "You are my equal now and I will treat you as such by giving you the choice and independence to make your own decisions.”

“Why? Why this sudden change of heart? And do not insult my intellect by telling me it is because I have helped you rediscover your humanity or something as equally false. I just saw you rip out a man’s throat with your teeth alone. There is nothing remotely human inside of you.”

“I love you, William.” Hannibal struggled to force the words past his lips. It had been decades since he had last uttered them. “Have you ever heard the popular saying that if you love someone set them free, if they come back than it was meant to be?”

“Love me?" The prince blinked uncomprehendingly at the ludicrously of it all. For a dragon to be in love with a prince was unheard of. "Why?”

“For many reasons. You challenge me intellectually, truly understand me as both dragon and man, are quite charming,” Hannibal made a show of pointedly staring at the prince’s chest which was still bare, “and are fairly attractive.”

The prince grinned wolfishly as he chastised. “Now leering at a man like that is rather improper, Hannibal. Where are your manners?”

“I apologize, my prince, but perhaps you should wear more clothes if you do not wish to be worshipped,” Hannibal said lowly with dark eyes.

“I am afraid that only one question remains now.”

“Huh?” William muttered in a daze, presently distracted by Hannibal’s unfairly beautiful face.

“Are my feelings requited?”

The prince scoffed. “I think you already know the answer to that. What with the thorough dissection of my earlier behaviour and all.”

Hannibal lowered his head until his forehead was pressed to the prince’s own. ““Perhaps, I desire to hear you utter the words yourself. I am sure they will sound infinitely more beautiful falling from your lips.”

The prince rolled his eyes at the poetic response, his mouth aching from smiling too much. “I love you too, you insufferable drag -”

William's last words were smothered by another pair of lips. A rather rude but not at all unwelcome distraction.

And the prince and his dragon lived happily ever after in their castle full of blood and violence.....

(Well, at least they *would have* if it had not been for William's meddling parents).

Chapter End Notes

Only one more chapter to go, guys!

# Murder Husbands

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"You wish to marry a man?" Catherine Graham, queen of the kingdom of Baltimore, gasped with horror. "But that is most unheard of!"

"It is against our customs." Charles Graham agreed with a grimace. He stared furiously at his son's hand clutched in the grip of this unheard of male. "We cannot condone this union, William. Please go and bring forth a *princess* you find suitable."

Prince William's mouth dropped open in shock and outrage. He had believed that his parents would at least be happy that he had returned alive after a year long absence and had settled on a spouse but instead they were being cruel and rude. His face was becoming a rather violent shade of red and he clenched his jaw in an attempt to reign in his anger.

Hannibal stroked his fingers soothingly across the back of Prince William's hand. He then leaned forward and pressed his lips to the shell of his betrothed's ear, ignoring King and Queen Graham's disapproving glares.

"Do not worry, my prince," Hannibal whispered softly with a small smile. "I can resolve this situation."

The man-dragon stepped away from William. His maroon eyes glowed as he grew in size. His prim and proper garments being torn to pieces as he morphed. His fingernails grew into long and deadly claws, his neck elongated, and his tail lengthened as scales began to encompass every inch of bare skin.

King and Queen Graham observed with wide and fearful eyes as what was once a man had become a large fire-breathing dragon.

"It appears that I have failed to properly introduce myself. My name is Hannibal Lecter and I am half dragon half human." Hannibal spoke formally with a small bow of acknowledgement towards the quivering couple. "I had wished to retain a civil relationship with my soon to be in laws but you have given me no choice but to adopt unsavory methods of persuasion."

"H-how?" King Charles stuttered as he stared in horror, unable to comprehend what was happening.

"You will allow William and I to marry or I shall wreak havoc on this small miserable village and your rather unimpressive castle." Hannibal threatened with barred teeth. His sharp teeth glinted in the lighting of the throne room.

Queen Catherine fainted with fear.

“He does not exaggerate.” William said with fond eyes. “He is a destructive force unlike any other I have ever seen. He cannot help but set fire to everything he can get his hands on.”

“I also enjoy indulging on human flesh. Although your people are rather bony with starvation, they will suffice to communicate my point.”

“How dare you threaten me in my own kingdom?! William, come here this instant so we can protect you from this devilish creature!” Charles Graham roared. He hastily scrambled to his feet and rushed towards his son. Hannibal glared at him which caused the king to freeze and slowly retreat back to his throne.

“You would allow this spawn of the devil to attack your people?” The king barked at William, face filled with scorn and disapproval.

“My so called people claim I am insane and an unfit prince. I have no loyalty towards those who wish ill on me,” William spat.

“You ungrateful swine.” The king sneered at his son as he turned his back on him. “I cannot bare to look at you. Leave me be!”

William's shoulders slumped with dejection.

“You dare insult my betrothed in front of my face." Hannibal growled in a low and malicious timbre. “I shall burn you all for this crime!”

“Hannibal, no!” William rushed towards him.

“Guards!” King Charles ordered, prompting a group of men clad in uniforms to enter the room from either side. One knight even had the audacity to grab his my prince with force.

Hannibal’s vision bled red.

***

One hour, two new formal garments, and many dead bodies later, Hannibal Graham-Lecter and his husband William Graham-Lecter left the white church situated in the centre of Baltimore. The sight of horrified townspeople and the sickly pale King and Queen Graham graced them the instant they opened the doors. The prince laughed at their faces as he and Hannibal withdrew from another heavy kiss. The only sound of cheering came from the newly united Princess Margot and Princess Alana who watched nearby with hope for a change in the strict marriage laws.

“Shall we go?” Hannibal smiled warmly at his husband, extending his elbow courteously. William stared at the awaiting carriage and his face broke into a wide grin.

“To hell with this!” Prince William exclaimed as he closed his eyes. He felt his legs and arms elongate as wings broke free from his back. When his eyes opened once more, his vision was crisper and sharper. The frightened screaming and running of the villagers faded away as he focused on the man beside him. Hannibal’s mouth had dropped open in awe and he was gazing at William with eyes filled with adoration.

“You are truly magnificent, my prince.” Hannibal breathed heavily, eyes drinking in the green glittering scales and pearly white spikes. The prince’s form was thicker than Hannibal’s, more muscular, than lithe. His face was also more noticeably rounder with a squarer jawline. Hannibal had never seen a creature more exquisite. The prince smirked at Hannibal’s appreciative staring and gave a small practice flicker of his wings. He then pushed off on his hind legs and soared into the air.

“What are you waiting for?” Prince William called down to his husband who was still frozen on the ground. He rolled his eyes. “Well, I am off to our honeymoon. I suppose I shall see you there.”

Hannibal had never transformed so fast in his life as he flew up to meet William. The two dragons began an intricate dance. The green and black of their scales blurring and merging to become one as they flew around and beside each other. Intimately whirling until it was impossible to tell where one dragon started and the other one ended.

Chapter End Notes

And that's the end! Thanks so much for reading and showing your support!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!